

of the new question—how did Murty obtain the money to pay their rent?

"Sit where you are, mother, quiet an' asy, an' I'll soon tell you the whole story. The body that gave me the money to free you o' the landlord won't stop his hand there. He'll stock the farm for you; an' he'll make the ould land and the ould place to look the same it onct looked for you, an' he'll come an' live unner the same roof wid you; and he'll be a son in your ould days to you; an' I'll let you call me a born gandher, if he doesn't turn out to be a good son, into the bargain."

"Yes, Murty; yes, avich," gasped Moya, changing colour, in an ill-boding, and fidgetting with her fingers.

"An', to ind all, in one word, he'll just marry wid my little Moya, here; an' if he doesn't make mooch iv her, why I'm asthray intirely."

Moya, feeling herself growing weak, slid down quietly in a sitting position, her face now very pale, and her eyes staring at Murty.

"Who is he, Murty dear?" she asked in a whisper scarcely audible.

"Yes, Murty, aroon; what name is on the gorsoon?" echoed her mother.

"Gorsoon?" questioned Murty, with an innocent smile—that is, with a smile meant to be received as quite innocent, though it really did not, so much as his usual ones, partake of that honourable character; "Gorsoon! why, then, barrin' he's a gorsoon bee raison iv his bein' a bachelor boy, I'm thinkin' it's time for him to be a man at the prasent day; sure, ye both know Terry O'Brien, the—the—" Murty hesitated.

Moya started into an expression which it would be difficult to define, as, with the slightest possible approach to impatience, she resumed, "Terry—Terry O'Brien, the—the what?"

"The—the—admiral," answered Murty, at last in a hurry. He could not, on the present occasion, bring himself to honour Terence with his usual title in full.

Moya's figure suddenly sank lower as she sat, and with clasped hands, and a face of utter misery, she looked towards her mother. Neither that good woman nor Murty Meehan, however, noticed or understood the present meaning of her manner and features.

"Terry O'Brien, the ould admiral?" queried Mrs. Moore, very slowly, supplying Murty's delicate omission; and it half seemed that even her selfishness could not at once reconcile her to poor Terence as a husband for her daughter.

Murty went on—"Call him bee whatever other names ye please, Terry O'Brien is the man; a power o' the goold cum to him, from his ould ship for prize money, bee mains iv a bit o' writin' that one poor Murty Meehan, a neighbour, dhrew up for him; an' we all know he had a thrifle o' the guineas

aforehead, along wid id: an' every *laffina* iv id all that's left afther payin' the landlord, he'll pelt into little Moya's lap, to do what she likes wid id. There's no denyin' that Moya might get a younger boy, an' maybe a one more likely an' comely to look at; but would he bring her or you, mother, out o' the trouble that's on ye?—would he rise up all our heads, again an' bring back the ould times?—an' salvation to my sowl, if there's a more *laucky* creature than my poor Terry walkin' Ireland's ground. He'll be like a little dog about the house; he'll do everything ye bid him do; Moya 'll be his Queen o' the May; an' if 'tis a thing that he's a taste ould, why, he's hearty; an' not bad to look at, when you cum used to him."

Moya still continued silent, her looks fixed on her mother, as a culprit at the bar of justice, on trial for his life, watches the face of the foreman of the jury, returning into court, with his brethren, after having agreed upon a verdict. She soon knew her doom.

"Moya won't say the 'No,'" resumed the ould woman; "Moya always cared for the mother, an' she won't be the cause of her dyin' broken-hearted at last; Moya wouldn't put the mother's blessin' from her."

The young girl drew in her breath, making a slight hissing sound.

"I tell you again, Murty Meehan, if id come to pass that I was thrust over that dour-stone, I'd lay down my head on its threshold an' die; and Moya wouldn't send her father's widow an' her own mother out o' the world that way."

A visible shudder now ran through Moya's frame, but again her agitation was unnoticed.

The garrulous Mrs. Moore went on in great glee—"No, no, Moya would not; an' so, all will be as it used to be agin, please God; the flitches will be in the chimby agin; the cows will come to the bawn, loin' to be milked agin; we'll have the sheep-shearin' agin; an' the churn-dash will be goin' bee the fire; we'll have our little parlour nate an' purty agin; whin the lark is singin' above our heads, in the mornin', we'll ramble through the green fields, to look at the lambs sportin' and to hear the ewes blaitin' to 'em; there will be nothin', widin' an' widout, but pace, an' plenty, an' happiness, an' heart's rest—O! the praises be given above?—och! 'tis a blessin' that Moya is bringin' on herself an' me!—she was always good; the widow's comfort in all her sore troubles an' misfort'ns; an' now she'll be the manes o' lettin' me die undher the roof where I first saw the light; och, the blessings on my Moya! Come an' give the ould mother one kiss, my Moya bawn!—come, a-cushla!"

Mechanically, and with some difficulty in her motions, Moya arose from her crouching seat on the floor, and went to obey her mother's commands; and the lips she touched to those of the old woman were white and cold.